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The Camera.

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BY REV. P. B. FISK.

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AMONG the many mansions, one
The dreamer saw, whose crystal wall
Gathers all
To focus that is ever done
Among the children of the fall;
All that concerns the doom of men,—
Result of deed, word, thought, or pen,
Be it wrong or right,
Done day or night,—
Well fixed upon a moving screen,
Each action in its proper hue,
By this omniscient view
Is kept, and shall be seen,
Yea, seen and read,
When HE shall come to judge the quick and dead!

THE CAMERA.

This angel Camera discerns
The look, the heart with equal ease;
Most clearly sees
The guardians as they watch and wait;
All influences,—or small or great,—
Into the picture burns;—
Each several life correctly drawn
From very dawn,
And, at the last,
A shadow or a halo broad is cast,
As good or bad the influence goes on.

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The dreamer saw, while in a gallery pacing
Where many a scene—
Of meadow green,
And mountain bold,
And people, young and old,—
Hung, copied by the lens with its steady gazing.
And he, the man of art,
And genial heart,
Was pointing its impartial eye,
From out his window high,
Upon the busy city's mart,
To snatch from the unconscious crowd,
Busy or sauntering, poor, or weak, or proud,
A present glimpse that half reveals the heart.

THE CAMERA.

An angel raised the vail, may be,
To let the dreamer's soul one moment see
How they above
Make record of these scenes of mortal grief and love;—
That he might feel and fear that coming woe,
When all above, below,
Shall see the mighty scroll
Unroll, unroll,—
Disclosing to the world assembled there,
Written in Art's clear character,
Much that, if *now* revealed, he could not bear!

The angel raised the vail, may be,
That, Soul! the dreamer might declare to thee,
Thy life, wrong, right,
Is photographed complete in heaven's own fadeless light!
And thou, and all
Shalt see it move along the judgment wall!
And, unless thou repent betimes,
And Christ, with his own blood, expunge thy crimes,
'Twill read so to thy heart,
Thou scarce wilt need that HE should say to thee,—
"DEPART!"

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